" ALONE."

"ALONE."

(After Sully Pradhomme.)

Our deepest foy in silence flows.

Like some pure stream, unseen, apart;
What lover tells the bliss he knows!

O, well-known tread of lightest feet!
O, lips more red than June's red rese!
O, sighs and kisses passing sweet!
Words that are neither verse nor prose!
What tenderest rhyme, what thrilling tone Might speak of you, nor do you wrong!
Ab! happy ones love makes his own,
Small need have you of lyre or song!
But he who all in vain must wait
For sums that fold, or lip that chings,
Will grasp a lute inanimate.
And pour his soul out on its strings;
For giory's fading wreath he lives,
And to the callons work! and chill,
And to the callons work! and chill,
Fischeets of the sad bear he gives
That one great love may never fill.

That one great love may never fill.

MARO'S LOVE-STORY.

MARO'S LOVE-STORY.

**Purity a solitary pedestrian bour through the party party learned in a tavery hamble little xenodocheion to ask my way and to avoid a passing shower; when, having secretained that I was not near anywhere in party claim of the solitary learned in the party of the cocupant of the room was a splendidly handsome young Greek, with something seafaring in his aspect, and a complexion more deeply brouged than is usual even under toses southern skies. He greeted me pleasanily and trankly as I took a sear horn; but when soon afterward several peasanis side earned of the table, his dement clanged; for, turning his back upon the party, he leaned his beade on his hands, and even pressed them against his earns as if to shull out the sound of the new-comer's voices. In the day disk so effectually hand hand had been provided answer. This seemed to remind the young man that I might think his conduct stranges and people that I know, I catch a name every new and then, and I darer'd lister to them. I can't tell you exactly so happens that I've no acquaintance with any of those fellows, but they re talking about places and people that I know, I catch a name every more and then, and I darer'd lister to them. I can't tell you exactly know, it is, but I have the feeling that I might be to claimly many of those fellows, that have the required answer. This seemed to remind the pound of the many things might happen in twelve months. And, somehow, the nearer home I get, the more important than the property of the many thin

stepmother?"
"Well, as for the girl" began the other, speak

"Well, as for the zirl" began the other, speaking with a sort of confused hesitation, "it won't, I suppose, make so much difference to her, you see, after all-being married out of the way—"Married!" Andreas pushed back his chair with a sudden ierk, and as its less grated upon the flagged floor, I said to myself that the hit of bad news had, sure enough, arrivel. "Mara Redopoulos married! And who may her husband be?"

"Her husband? Oh well-why who should it be else," said Loukos, still stammering and hesitating, "but Georgios-my brother? That's what her father's heart's been set on this long white back. It's an old story at home by this time; though, of course, it's news to you!"

"Well, then, good lack go with them all?" said Andreas, taking a great gulp of his Krasi retsinato, and thereupon rising abruptly. "The shower's over, so good-by to you, or I'll not be home at support-time."

shower's over, so good-by to you, or in hos be home at supper-time."

"But we'll meet again—you're coming to Krinori?" said Loukos interrognitively; and he watched for the answer with a furtive anxiety in his twinkling glances.

"Not I, indeed; when a man has only a week on shore, he'd rather spend it with his relations and friends than tramp ever the country for nothing

Only a week-to be sure that's a very short

"Only a week—to be sure that's a very short while for you to be with your old fatuer and mother—and after such an absence. Certainly nobody could expect you to leave them. But I had no notion you were to be off again so soon."

"The Oiga sails for Odessa on Saturday, and I'm second in command if I choose. I'm not likely to throw away a good berth in a hurry."

With these words Andreas was striding out of the room; and I preschily saw his lofty head pass across the small-janed window; an admirable study for an inte Apollon. The ugly Loukos sat sipping his wine meditatively for some miantes longer before he went his way; and I shortly afterward took my depurture, intending to push on to Liopesi, a village same lifteen miles distant, and inthe expecting to fail in again with my chance companions. In this I was mistaken, however, for toward dusk I put my foot into an unusually deep rut in a lonely lane, and sprained

the family Rodopoulos, which comprised a father, two small sons and a daughter, Mirro. The latter, whom I saw for the first time on the second morning after my arrival, as she passed by on her way to the well round the corner, was tall and slender and looked about seventeen, but was probably a year or two younger. She was also exceedingly beautiful; not simply pretty, but periect, from "the delicate Arab arch of her feet" to the soft black tresses that coiled richly around her small, classically shaped head, leaving a dusky down to shade her great lustrous eyes and blow away from the faultless curves of cheeks whose cicar tint, though not sun-browned, made you think of the open air whenever she came into a room. If will be remembered that my present landigrify scenversation at the inn had already put me in possession of the facts that she was motherless and menaced with a stepmenther, and that she had recently made a match more, it would seem, in accordance with her father's views than with her own. Her looks, too, were all the more important data because they remained the only information about her frame of mind that I obtained at firsthand as after the

sight, it so happens that I views, I catch a name every now and then, and I darreft listen to them. I can't telly our cancely how it is, but I have the feeling of the consider what he can't if did. Saint George! to consider what one of the might built out in five words. I have the feeling of the consider what one of the might have to in five words. I have the feeling away at the leaft: "The day old loannides died, or 'At the wed—Bah' what. I have the content of the last I are the beat." The day old loannides died, or 'At the wed—Bah' what. I have the last I are the last is the last is the last of last I are the last is the last of last I are the last is the last of last I are the last of last of last I are the last of last of last I are the last winter; and then I got the fever, and was highly to morning the last I are the last

Perhaps the Diadoches would suit ber, or the Patriarch of Constantinople!"

But though Kurios Arphoutos's strong opinion respecting the great eligibility of Georgios as a parti was generally shared by the little community, it was evident that the brothers Zarkos were far from popular at Krinori. Nor was this much to be wondered at, as not only were their manners and appearance unprepossessing, but their circumstances were calculated to taise a jealous feeling among their neighbors. The brothers, like everybody else, owned and tilled a few hektars of land: but, unlike anybody else, they were not wholly dependent for their livelihood upon the produce of their fields. They were men of various resources, concerning which I could only vaguely gather that they had shares in several trading vessels and other mercantile ventures, often calling for the presence of them at Port Peiraics or elsewhere. Now this, albeit doubtless not nices sarily iniquitous, was enough, when taken in conjunction with their churlish and nigzardly habits, to make them the subject of much unflattering surmise; and I may mention, among the least sensational of current rumors, the statements that Loukos had a wife and family at Port Peiraios, and that when Georgios visited Athers he wore sensational of current rumors, the statements the t Loukes had a wife and family at Port Peiralos, and that when Georgios visited Athens he wore a black coat and silk hat, and frequented the fashionable Kafeton tou Solonos in the Plateias

es Omonotas.

Anna Lavriades, a kindly middle-aged dame.

Anna Lavriades, a kindly middle-aged dame, who lodged next door to the Rodopouloses, and who not long since had nursed Georgios Zarkos through a serious illness, was the only one of their neighbors to whom I ever knew them to show any disinterested friendliness. Indeed, during my visit, Loukos actually presented her with one of his cheap hens. The creature was, it is true, very lame and dishevelled-looking; still, the gift showed a good intention, and made an immense impression upon its simple-minded recipient.

I had little direct communication with the brothers, but I was not seldom a listener to their discouse, for their room was apparated from mine merely by a many-chinked boarding through which every word spoken in either apartment found its way unimpeded. As I was allways careful to apprise them of my proximity, which they persistently disregarded, I had no scruple about listening to their remarks. I was sitting in my usual place in the evening, soon after my conversation with Kurios Arphontos, when I heard Georgios, who had just returned from Athens linparting his news to Loukos as they are their supper.

"Give me the cheese. I saw a man down

which Georgios began in a mollified tone: "Do folks here know the fellow's come bock?"

I told them nothing about it. You may manage your own affairs yourself."

"Ban! I'm thinking tell be better to give out that he's come home. It's my belief that the notion of his coming for her is what makes the garl he obstinate, and keeps her father shilly-shallying. But if they knew he was at home, and didn't cause next or nigh them, Rodopoulos would put that out of his head, and as for Maro, she's as proud as anybody, and if she found that Andreas had thrown her over, why, rather than seem to be breaking her heart after him, she might—"

"She might take you out of spite, as it's plain enough she never will out of liking. Well, that'll be a bit of news for you to reli them when you go to see her to-morrow. I wender, by the way, that you don't bring her a crooch, or a handkerchief, or some bit of finery instead of that sweetstuff only fit for brats Girls don't think anything of it."

"And I wonder where I'd get bits of finery."

that sweetsuff only fit for brats Girls don't think anything of it."

"And I wonder where I'd get bits of finery at thirty lepta a pound. The girl's given trouble enough, the Saints know, without one's ruining one's self for her entirely. I might drop a hint, too, about his having got married abroad. You're not the only mun in Krinori that can tell-lies."

"Perhaps I'm the only one that would bother his head about your concerns, and get nothing but abuse for his pains."

Herewith their discourse died away in brief muttered saris, and the rest was silence.

On the next day nothing that I need note oc-

On the next day nothing that I need note oc-curred. But on the following morning I missed Maro from her water-drawing, and I saw nothing of her family until, in the course of the forenoon, Metri appeared to me in a state of stickiness won-lerful and fearful to contemplate, with his hands full of set adhesive mass of what looked like toffee.

derful and fearful to contemplate, with his hands full of an adhesive mass of what looked like toffee, but which was, he told me, cotaposed of figs, almonds, honey, aniseed and dried grape-skins, and was exceedingly delicious.

"Georgios Zarkes brought it to Maro last night," he said, as he sat down at my feet; "and I found it thrown away in a corner this morning, and the string around it wasn't even untied. I've got it nearly all, because Yanni doesn't like it much, which is a lucky thing. Georgios stayed for a long while last night," he continued: "but he was in a great rage when he went away, because Maro wouldn't say that she'd marry him, and she said she'd rather go to Salonika, even if the ship went to the bottom before it got there. And father said it was a serious misfortune for him to have such a headstrong child, who wouldn't do a hand's turn to save him from being roined by his losses. And Georgios said there weren't many men who'd offer to take her without a penny, and give money's worth for her into the bargain; and he said he supposed the truth of the matter, was that she couldn't think of anybody except Andreas leannides. But Maro said that Andreas was no more to her that the wind on the hill-top; and feed of the said was a many men be better, for he'd that she couldn't think of anybody except Andreas Icannides. But Maro said that Andreas was no more to her that the wind on the hill-top; and ticorgios said that was so much the better, for he'd heard a man at Port Peiraios say that Andreas had left a pretty wife behind him at Smyroa; and had left a pretty wife behind him at Smyrna; and he said that at any rate, wife or no wife, it was easy to see that Andreas hadn't a thought of auxbody at Krineri, for if he had, he wouldn't have stayed a month at Kara, without putting a foot in the place. And Maro said that it made no difference to her who came to Krinori, or who stayed away, but there were some people there that she wouldn't grieve alter if they took themselves off and didn't come back in a hurry. And then Georgies got up and banged the door after him, and didn't say good-night or anything. I remember Andreas leannides very well, I wish he'd come here again, but Maro said this morning that he never would, never again; and she cried a great deal, and said that she wished she was with our mother, whe's buried where all the eypresses are, at the other side of the hill over yonder; you can't see them from here, so there's no use looking."

see them from here, so there's no use looking."

Having made this communication, Metri gave himself up to inarticulate enjoyment of his sweetmeats, until he departed in quest, I fancy, of more substantial fare. Soon after he left me, I managed to hobble as far as the low broad-topped wall which skirted the white road close by. I had not sat there long before I was joined by Nikandros Rodopoulos, with whom I had never hitherto conversed at any length. He was a fine-looking man of about forty-five, whose good-tempered face formed a species of explanatory commentary upon that failure of his to adopt more arbitrary neasures in arranging his family after its, which was deplored by his aristocratically minded neighbor. Io innes Arphoutos. The subject of conversation which he almost immediately broached was Salonika.

"I'm afraud I'll presently have my daughter

"I'm afraid I'll presently have my daughter on her way there" quoth Nikandros, "though it's not what I could have wished by any means. But, you might as well count on a March wind But you might as well count on a March wind as a girl's mind, and you'll find larks' eggs on

as a girl's mind, and you'll find larks' eggs on Christmas morning as soon as wit in—"

"You speak of your daughter's refusal of Georgios Zarkos?" I said, striking athwart the current of Nikandros's proverbial philosophy.

"Exactly so, sir. I don't wonder that you should think it an extraordinary thing. But you'd have been surprised. I can tell you, to see the obstinacy of the girl last night when Georgios was with us, for we both talked to her till we were as hourse as ravens, both I and Georgios, and, as we say, sir, he can speak plain who has a golden tongue. And what did we gain by it all? Not a civil word would she give him from beginning to end. And all shed say when he'd gone was that she hoped he'd keep away for a long while, as she'd rather see the wood-devil's father-in-law coming into the house than he."

"I suppose the truth is," said I, "that she has a dislike to him."

"But nobody ever asked her to like him; to when rays are cichest and shadows bluest. I when the said is the control of the following afternoon. When rays are cichest and shadows bluest. I

"I suppose the trath is," said I, "that she has a dislike to him."

"But nobody ever asked her to like him; to marry him merely, instead of behaving like a senseless creature."

"And you are certain that she has no other reason for reliasing him?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, up to the present time I'd been thinking that she might happen to have some idea in her mind about a young fellow, a sailor, from a 'lace away among the hills, who came courting her two years ago. Not that he'd have been a match equal to Georgios Zarkos; far from it; you don't find men with shares in half a dozen boats, and a soap factory, and a marble quarry, round every turn of the road. However, he was a fine lad enough, and his parents are honest people, with a tolerable vineyard; so I said that I'd make no chiection, provided that he he went off and staved away so long that we all thought he'd found his way to the bottom somewhere; and now I hear, he's at home again. But it seems he's changed his mind; to the battom somewhere; and now I hear, he's at home again. But it seems he's changed his mind; to be shouldn't what's more likely, has come back no richer than he went. For he's never sent us a word or

tent, and futue expecting to fail in again with my chance comparations. In this I was cistating his neves to Louise as a test yet effect, and the property of toward disk! put my foot into an my andle so severely that I was quite unable to continue my olicitance: in which distressing light I was overtaken by Louise Zarkov with a place colled Kimori, where he shoet it is been severel as a place colled Kimori, where he shoet it is been some a recome as pecious and age ended reformed. "There are many some," as if the whole place words a room—a specious and age ended reformed. "There are many some," as if the whole place there was not to common the common as pecious and age ended reposition to the common and the common an

pupils and luminous gray irides. There was youth, too, in the tones of her sad voice, as she responded briefly to Nikandros's voluble greetings, and, p. ing for breath and evidently dead tired, seated herself near us on a large detached stone which he pointed out to her. The dust of her journey lay thick upon her poor garments, and even powdered the black locks which struggled from beneath her faded yellow kerchief.

"Well, well, Thekla," Nikandros began, "I never was more surprised than when I saw you coming down the road. Surely you can't ever have walked all the way from Kara?"

"No, only from Melnera; I got a lift in a cart that was going there."

"But that's six miles, if it's a step; over far

"But that's six miles, if it's a step; over far for you. And what may have brought you such a journey?"

"I came—because—oh, yes, because I thought sometimely have and the state of the state of the second of the

somebody here might happen to have a butthe Kandian barberry with the berries ripe. T green still at Kara—we're later up there

want some to make a syrup for a cough I've had all the year: barberries are a great remedy, they say. But what's this I hear, Nikandros, about a wedding at Krinori?"

"Now, by St. Georgios, how should I know what folk say?" said Nikandros, smiling self-consciously as Thekla raised her great shining eyes to his face. "No doubt the Widow Manetou and I may have talked—"

"But no." interpreted Thekla." I meant your

I may have talked—"
"But no." interrupted Thekla, "I meant your daughter-Maro, I believe. We heard the other day that she'd married one of the brothers Zarkos."
"Then you heard what's little likely, unluckily, to come to pass. It's true that the girl has had the chance, but she's fool enough to fling it away—won't look at the man. Why, so far is it from a marriage, that I'm sending

to fling it away—won't look at the man. Why, so far is it from a marriage, that I'm sending her off next week to her brother Stavris et Salonika. And who told you the story?"

"The Kuria Ioannides: it was her son told her."

"Ah, the young Andreas! I knew he was at Kara. though he has never shown himself here."

"He came home only five days ago; he had the fever at Smyrna, and that was what kept him so long away. But he's talking of leaving again tomorrow or next day to ioin his shio."

"That's a short holiday, certainly. It looks, too, as if there might be some truth in a story I heard about him—that he'd left a wife somewhere abroad. Do you know whether it's true?"

"There's not a word of truth in it—I know well."

well."

"That's likely enough. Well, how would the idle folk pass their time if there were no lies to tell? But you mustn't sit here, Thekla. Come up to our house—it's only a few steps this way—and get a bit to eat."

"No, no, thank you. Nikandros." said Thekla, sighing wearily; "I'll go no farther; and, indeed, I must be on foot again very soon or I'll lose my chance of the eart, for it's to leave Melnera before dark, and I get on but slowly. I'll just sit here a bit and then go the way I'll inst sit here a bit and then go the way I

I'll just sit here a bit, and then go the way I

But that's folly: you'll never be able to start

"But that's folly: you'll never be able to start off again without a longer rest. And, may I ack, do you intend to go home without the e wonderful barberries after all?"

"Ah, Saint Anna!" said Thekla, laughing unmithfully, "how I forget thines! I believe the heat of the sun confuses my head."

"Well, we've none ourselves, but I can easily get you some out of our neighbor's garden. I see you've brought nothing to carry them in however, I daresay we can manage somehow. I'll send one of the children with them directly, and a drink and a bit of food." Nikandros turned away in the direction of his house murmuring to himself: "If I had the unhappy ov now, and if the poor ass wasn't lame, I could give her a lift. I wonder could I by any means get the lean.—"

After he had gone, Thekla sat motionless, leaning her head on her hands, only raising it now and then to decline the hospitable invitations of a few women who, seeing that she was an acquaintance of the Rodopoulos family, ventured to approach the uneanny looking stranger. Before many minutes had passed, Maro was seen coming from her house, bringing the barberries wrapped up in a large crinkled leaf, deftly skewered at the corners with cactus-spines, and also carrying a wooden plate of bread and olives, a thick-rimmed tumbler of wine, and a small water-lar. Thekla drank the wine and water thirstily, but would only crumble a little bit of bread; and when she had finished, she got slowly to her feet, saying: "Thank you, many times—Maro Rodopoulos, is it not? I must be on my way again." Then looking hard at the girl she odded: "Can I bring any message for you to Kars?"

"Oh no, indeed:" said Maro, averting her head with a haughty gesture. "What message

"Oh no, indeed!" said Maro, averting her head with a haughty gesture. "What message should I have for Kara? No friends of min-live there."

"I'm good for little now to be sure," said Thekla, leaning on her long staff, and speaking in a soliloquizing tone; "but, at least, I can carry a message as well as another; that I know."

"What did you say then?" said Maro, looking round quickly with a sudden rose-color, "That you had brought me a message?"

The other shock her head. "I brought none," she said, half-reluctantly as 4 thought. "However, that wouldn't hinder me from taking one back, if so be anybody happened to have such a thing."

In the very heart of the following afternoon, when rays are richest and shadows bluest. I thought to myself, as I sat by the door, that Krinori had never looked fairer. I became aware that somebody was moving along the deserted road, though still so far off as to present merely an indefinitely human aspect. I began lazily to watch the advancing figure, and as I did so, it all at once flashed upon me that this was no other than Andreas Ioannides. Yes, without doubt, it was Andreas himself, but Andreas in his very smartest clothes, looking handsomer than ever, and also both eager and cheerful, as if bound upon some agreeable errand. Having made this discovery, my aimless and languid curiosity changed into so keen an interest that I breathed much more freely when I had seen the new-comer take the left hand turn leading to the Rudonouloses' cottage, stride up the narrow cactushedged path, and fairly disappear beneath the block arch of the open doorway; after which, further observations being impossible, I had to content myself with speculations as to what ridding of baneful doubts and setting straight of tangled fate-threads might be in progress on its other side. There had been much slanting and shifting of lights and shadows before I found an opportunity of verifying my conjectures; for full two hours lingered by, and still Krinori lay sleepily basking, with none of its inhabitants astir. Then I saw, coming briskly toward me, from the direction of the advancing any still great does not be advanced as the Redopouloses'. coulting. Georgios, indeed, tells some story about and ross having got married abroad, but that may be true, or it mayn't. Anyhow, as it happens, it doesn't make much difference either way, for Marosays that Andreas Ioannides is nothing at all the ler, and that she forgot all about him long ago."

"Goodness forgive you for that statement, Missing and that she forgot all about him long ago."

"And when did she tell you this?"

"Oh, last might. Mention happened to be made of him while Georgios was with us, and she said she never wished to set eyes on him agan. So I see I was quite mistaken when I imagined that with an air of conviction, which made me think somewhat meanly of his insight into character; and, while I doubted whether I should enlighted him as to what was, I believed, the true state of affairs the present opportunity spipped away. For Nikandros, who had looked down the road, exclaimed in much surprise, "Fulding Medoman who is coming this way but Spiriding's Thekla? Now, what may bring her here? And how eved did she travel all the way from Kara? Not on foot, poor soul, I should imagine."

I looked where he did, and saw at some little distance the approaching form of Spiridina's Thekla? She appeared to be an elderly woman, miserably lame and crooked and bent, and clearly those, was Nikundros's next remark, as he stood watching the halting progress of the new-comer; "Elb, now, but that's a pity, truly; it's a pity to see," was Nikundros's next remark, as he stood watching the halting progress of the new-comer; "and to think what a bandsome lass she was only four or five years ago—as straight as a reed, and as light-footed as a goat; much such a over a good of the way for key are a good of the way from Kara? Not on foot, poor soul, it should imagine."

I looked where he did, and saw at some little distance the approaching form of Spiridina's Thekla? She appeared to be an elderly woman, miserably lame and crooked and bent, and clearly when the form of the pretty girl Maro, who, are the pretty girl Maro, w

"and to think what a hondaome has she was only four or five years ago—as straight as a reed, and as light-footed as a goat; much such a one as my girl Maro. Why, it seems but yesterday; and now look at her furching along like an overriged schooner in a side wind."

Did you say only four or five years ago?" asked, in surprise, as she looked about fifty, and though I was familiar with the early withering of Eastern beauty, the transformation here seemed too complete to be thus accounted for.

"Aye, sir, scarcely so much," said Nikandros; and then, while she stopped and talked to some children on the road, he told me the main fact in the history of Spiridion's Thekla, which was that a runaway horse had one day knocked her down and drawn a heavily laden carr over her, crushing and maining her past all possibility of cure, though many months' suffering had ended in a certain measure of recovery, thus enhancing the misfortune: "since," proceeded Nikandros, "it's hard to tell what can become of her if she should heaven." It is a superior of the cure of the recovery of the reco

from the asylum barn, using an umbrella for a para-chute. He is now using much arnica and liniment and lamenting his bruised bones.

AMONG THE BAHAMAS.

PINEAPPLES, TURTLES AND DOGS.

Pineapple Cay, Bahamas, Sept 21 .- " New, I would like to see one of your pineapple orchards." This was the request which I made this morning of aptain Ithuriel Roberts, the principal owner of real state on the island. For some reason my words cemed to have an inspiriting effect. After a moment the boisterous merriment which runs like a rich vein rough his life, the captain so far composed himself

"Ve don't say 'pineapple Horchards' 'ere. Ve says pine fields,' "

The explorations of the forenoon made evident the cason for this elegant discrimination in the use of language. It would be about as correct to speak of strawberry orchard as of a pineapple orchard, for he fruit grows on shrubs from twenty to forty inches righ, with long, blade-like leaves, which have an aggressive manner calculated to keep "furriners" at a distance. Every shrub has a dozen or fifteen such dargers, and reminds betanists of the Florida Spanish bayonet. As I made my way through a half-acre field n the wake of Captain Ithuriel, this point, or these points, were impressed on me.

coarse, granular and porous coral limestone of these seys, cocoanuts, bananas, limes, oranges, guavas, nangoes, sapodillas, tamarinds and tigs flourishing specially; but the pineapple demands a peculiar rich ed loam which is found in speradic pockets in some of the islands. A ripening pineapple is a beautiful artistic shades in its scaly covering. Still it is diffirult for one not to the manner born to keep on the lookout for aesthetic effects when balancing on the harp-pointed rocks which environ the pineapple ockets, and while endeavoring to avoid the thrusts of the vegetable poniards which guard the fruit growing at the centre of the shrub. At Nassau there are many pineapple plantations. In the old slave days the industry, ranking ahead of even sponging. Large gangs of negroes were kept at work under the direcion of merciless overseers, and the annual crop of Northern Bahamas slave labor was sparingly used. The size of the pineapple crop in this section of the Windward Islands has increased slowly but regularly, and he growth has been a healthful one. About 200,000 incapples are annually shipped from Nassau, and of hese about a quarter. I am told, comes from the islands rth of Hole-in-the-Wall passage.

Pinoapple Cay is the nearest of the islets in the feinity of Green Turtle Cay (the principal port of the forthern Bahamas) to grow "pines" in large quantities. uring the months of June, July and August it is pracically uninhabited, as the shouls then require little attention, and the owners of the "pine field-" occupy hemselves with sponging, fishing and turtling, having Green Turtle Cay as their headquarters. The place ast named is not only the main port of the northern Bahamas, but its urban glories are such that it has a population of 500, of whom about 400 are black and ellow. It boasts the only ship chantler's establishment north of Nassau and between Florida and the coast of Portugal. It has a Government House in which an insular Pooh Bah, Captain Bethel-port officer, port doctor, revenue collector, postmaster, Crown prosecutor and bailiff-holds his court with a

It is astonishing to what size vegetables grow on these islands. Okras, cassavas and yams are twice the size of the Florida products, and sweet potatoes—sweet potatoes, are like Katisha, something appalling, reachtriumph of the New-Jersey article. Immense growths are the rule. The manilla plant and the silk cotton tree flourish with the roots fastened in a stone wall or in the crumbling limestone of the region. It is a granular rock, a little soil is mixed with the disintegrated fragments and a fruit shouth is planted in the composition thus obtained. In three or four years the shrub grows into a spreading bower bearing fruit with tropical generosity.

There are few Bahama vocations more interesting

than turtling. Sea turtles of the species known as green turtle are numerous in the clear "white water" of this region, but albeit numerous, they are far from easy to capture. They are immense, clumsy things, weighing in maturity anywhere from 300 to 500 counds. In general appearance ther do not differ greatly from the "snapping" turtle to which Americans are in-coduced in their schooldays, with the exception of size and the shape of the flippers, which somewhat resemble the flippers of a seal. Two styles of strategy are open to the turtleward bound. He may search the beaches until he finds his prey taking a slesta on the sand; or he may go down to the sca in sloops and spear one of the amphibians with a curious singlepronged turtle spear. Of the two styles the first is

mid-afternoon, the spirit within the thermometer has risen to 140 degrees and the sand of the beach under our feet seems baking. We ourselves are baking, boiling, fricasseeing. But it would never do to go back to New-York without having compassed the capture of a green turtle. We walk carefully and noise-lessly along the water's edge, thereby showing fine comprehension of strategy. Should we espy one of the creatures we desire to find, we will be ready to cut off her retreat to the friendly arms of the sea. I say "her" retreat, because I neglected to say that it commonly only female turtles which have a fondyess for the beach-and very naturally, for the main believe of repairing to the beach is to deposit eggs in the sand. Ah't there is one; a Diss Debar of a turtle, which will tip the scales at 300 pounds at least. We are in time to intercept her if she makes a dash for the water. But she is occupied with her own reflections. One of us remains by the sad sea while the two others make a detour, flank the enemy, steal sliently to the ear, execute a surprise and dexterously flop the enemy upon her back. Not until her shell grates upon the sand does she realize what has happened. Then she makes a wild fuss. She flaps her flippers in wrath and, as might be expected from one of her sex, endeavors to scratch. It pains us to see such a disposition. Accordingly we cut some sapodilla twigs, slit her flippers and tie them together, two and two. Being on her back the turtle can now move nothing except her head, which she brings above the under We then excuse ourselves and get her eggs, twelve or fourteen in number. They can be made into capture of a 300 pounder, but we sigh for more turtley to conquer. We wind our way along the shingle and then by good fortune we discern another turtle some hundred yards ahead and only a score of yards from, the water. Cautiously on tiptoe stealing, like ap-proved heavy villains, we attempt to surprise her perarious designs, scrambles wildly for the welcoming water. Then we, the villains, still pursue her, breaking into a headlong run. We cast pebbles at her as we blindly spurt onward, and by shout, yell and execration we try to rattle her. But she gains the brine, and as she disappears below the surface we of her two-inch tail. Well, let her go! She was probably tough or a "loggerhead," and the "logger-head," as every Bahamian knows, is an inferior species of the sea turtle, hardly fit to be mentioned

head," as every Bahamian knows, is an inferior species of the sea turtle, hardly fit to be mentioned in the same breath with the green turtle.

The next day we start out on our tiny sloop and keep a bright lookout for a floating turtle or for floating turtle grass. This grass is the favorite food of the creatures we are hunting, which cat the julcy part next to the root and thus set free the long blades which rise to the surface and betray the presence of the turtles. If we see a floating mass of the grass we bring our boat alongside it, and in the clear "white water" we see the huge amphibians gorging themselves. So occupied are they with this pleasant employment that if the approach of the boat has been alrolly directed, they usually do not discover its proximity until it is directly above them, the shade cast by the floating grass assisting in obscuring the craft's coming. Now, if the water is not too deep, the six or seven spears which descend from the sloop stand a fair chance of piercing at least one carapace. The bandles of the spears are connected by stout hempen cords with boits amidships in the sloop. As soon as the spears are cast, great scoop-nets are selved by the crew, and if any turtle rises to the surface within seven or eight feet of the gunwale, efforts are made to take him in out of the wet. If the sloop after she has been out three days, has contrived to capture a total of 1,000 pounds of turtle, she has been doing exceptionally well, for six cents a pound is paid for turtles at Nassau-or even seven cents if the demand is strong—and \$90 or \$70 is a princely sum to divide among six or seven natives of the northern Bahamas, who are scornfully called "conchs" by the wealthier Nassauvians.

I would fain say a word about Bahama dogs. Over in the East Broadway and Ludlow-st district may be seen disconsolate caninity in ever-shifting phases of wretchedness. But it has been reserved for the Kingdom of Perpetual June to produce the most woo-begone dogs west of Constantinople. How the animals exist he

MUSICAL COMMENT.

MR. THOMAS'S TOUR-A NEW BOOK ON HARMONY -MR. HAMERIK'S DISCOVERY.

MAY WOMEN WEAR SURPLICES?

The Editor of "The Musical Times," published in London, discussed the question of." Ladies' Surpliced Choirs" in the last issue of that excellent journal and reaches a conclusion which we cannot characterize otherwise than as surprising. It ought to be the cardinal principle of a musical journal to uphold honesty in music. There was a time when church music was marked by screnity and a total absence of emotion. That was the time of polyphonic writing, when differences in voice quality were comparatively a small matter, and when the succession of harmonic and the ingenious interweaving of the voices were relied on for effects, rather than melodies composed to express the sentiment of the text. That was the time when a minimum of attention was paid to the words and a maximum to lovely production of tones. At such a time a setting of the genealogy according to St. Matthew, such as is described in an essay on cathedral music by the Rev. William Mason, in which while the bass was holding forth the existence of Abraham, the tenor, in defiance of nature and chro-nology, was begetting Isaac; the counter-tenor behis brethren," caused neither amusement nor offence. At such a time, maybe, " the integrity of the service may have been "better maintained by the performance of the music by the passionless tones of well-trained boys' voices." But how much of the old cathedral music is preserved in our churches? How much of

the music composed to-day is written in the old spirit

How many composers would be willing to have the melodies which they have written to the hope that by

their aid the feeling of the wedded words would be raised to a higher power sung with

an utter absence of emotional expression!

not lose any dignity by the unemotional character of the singing of boys. Those who have any experience of a well-ordered service can testify to the effect produced by the tone of 'the childish treble.' an effect far more elevating than can be gained by the voice of a woman in church." That depends on the character of the service. A large share of the music sung by the surpliced choirs in New-York to-day will never have either a dignified or an ele-vating effect when intrusted to boys and men alone. Its dramatic spirit is lost, and it is that spirit which vitalizes it. Cholemasters who wish to give potency to the musical part of the service know that. In the essay on lioy Choirs, printed in "Harper's Monthly" for June, 1888, Mr. George B. Prentice, choirmaster of St. Mary the Virgin's, is quoted as saying: "We have never used boys for soloists on account of a lack of expression and a want of com-prehension of the meaning of the words of the service." Evidently Mr. Prentice thinks that an expressive performance of the service is not

There ought to be honesty in every portion of the church service. If music written in the modern spirit is sung, it ought to be sung by the voices contemplated by the composer, upon whose employ ment the effectiveness of the composition depends. If woman is permitted to sing, it should not be under false pretences. Those who preached with St. Bernard that she is an instrument of the devil are dead. It is time that the last vestige of prejudice rolored septuagenarian for chamberlain. It has also the honor of being the residence of the only physician between Florida and Nassau—a stretch of 400 miles.

It is astonishing to what size vegetables grow on these islands. Oldras, cassava and vama are twice the

Is the reverence thus violated due to the weare or the garment? The Canon ought to explain. His remark has a queer sound to the ears of Anglo-Saxons living in the minth decade of the nineteenth century. We are concerned only with the artistic side of the question, and this has nothing to do in itself with the surplice. But suppose a vestry should wish to employ women in a choir for the sake of musical effect and artistle hon sty, and should want to overcome the incongruous effect of "the daily changing caprices of lashion in feminine attire" by robing them uniformly—is the use of a surplice pro-hibited? This is an eccles-astical or eccles-ological question, and we permit a wr.ter in "The Standard of the Cross" to answer It:

In criticising the article in "Harper's Magazine." about which we had something to say last week, "The Churchman" remarks: "We say vested choirs, not surpliced. For the proper vestments of the chorister are a cassock and a linen corta, the surplice being strictly a clerical vestment. It is correct, therefore, to use the term vested choirs." This statement, like the definition of a crab by the French academicians, needs only a few corrections. A linen cotta is not a proper dress for a chorister; the surplice is not strictly a clerical vestment, and it is not correct to say vested choirs. The writer was a chorister for many years in England and in this country, and has put the question to several as fully informed as himself in order to make sure of being right. All the information he can gain shows most clearly that until quite recently choirs were surplices and were always called surpliced choirs. The term surplice does not appear until the eleventh century, and the article itself seems surpliced. For the proper vestments of the chorister he can gain shows most clearly that until quite recently choirs wore surplices and were always called surpliced choirs. The term surplice does not appear until the eleventh century, and the article itself seems to have been first worn by the northern nations over their close-fitting fur dress or pellsse; hence its name, super-pellicium. It was originally worn by both clergy and lalty, and even after it ceased to be generally worn and became limited to church use all connected with the church services wore it. Miss Dolby, who is an authority on these matters, says it is the only correct robe for all down to the smallest choir boy on all occasions, except the Eucharist. In the account of a grand procession in 1992, mention is made of 500 boys in surplices, and in one of those. Inventories? which are used to decide questions arising relating to the "Ornaments" rubric surplices for the choir are named. Miss Dolby calls the cotta a poor substitute for the surplice, and a Romish garment which has no right in the Anglican communion, and strongly objects to its use by choristers. We would surgest to our contemporary that a reference to the

The preparations for the Thomas Testimonial tour, which had its conception in a letter printed in The Tribune last April, are completed. Twenty-five con-certs have been projected, beginning in Brooklyn on October 9, and efforts are making to have the wentysixth take place at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, on November 5. The cities to be visited are Brooklyn, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Utica, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, East Saginaw, Grand Erie, Cieveland, Toiedo, Detroit, East Sagnaw, Grand Rapids, South Bend, Indianapolis, Chicago, Deoatur, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittaburg, Philadel-phia, Washington and Baltimore. Mr. Joseffy will accompany Mr. Thomas and his orchestra. Much in-terest is manifested in the Brooklyn concert, whose programme will be selected from three models sub-mitted by Mr. Thomas by vote of the subscribers.

Mr. Asger Hamerik, director of the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, promises to produce a symphony this winter which came into his possession under singular circumstances. It was found long phony this winter which came into his possession under singular circumstances. It was found long ago by the captain of a stamship with whom Mr. Ramerik made a voyage to Europe, having, it is thought, been forgotten by a passenger. It is in full score, and Mr. Hamerik describes it as follows:

"I found that it was the orchestral score of a symphony by Pacint, called "Dante Symphony," and dedicated to "the people of Dante's country." I was very much impressed by the work, finding is full of effective parts. I think it fully worth while introducing at the Peabody. I feet sure that it can never have been produced before, as it is full of mistakes and has a very unusual orchestration. It took me more than two weeks to cortect it, and even now I feel that it still needs my careful overlooking, as it is printed in a miscrable kind of stereotype, with aumerous typographical errors, as well as some careless mistakes on the part of the composer. It is in four parts—informo. 'Eurgacorio.' Paradiso,' and the finale is in the style of a triumphal march. In many ways it reminds me of Liszt's 'Dante Symphony,' which was produced several seasons ago at the Peebody. The orchestration is, as I Aaid, rathez curious, For instance, instead of the usual five parts in which the strings are written. It has accome to the harp and piano. In many respects it is thoroughly Italian, as for example, the exquisire cantilenas, one particularly between the violins and 'cellos, But the rhythm is rather more intricate than is usual with Italian music, and in this respect savors somewhat of the German. It reminds me also of Boito's opera, 'Mentsofele,' but, indeed, it is difficult to tell exactly to what style it belongs."

Must be possessed in no ordinary degree by those who bear

the pangs of rheumatism without complaint. We have

never heard of such an individual. But why not, ere the life-long martyrdom begins, extinguish the germ of this atrocious malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the efficacy of which as a preventive of the disease, as well as a means of relieving it, is well established and amply attested, during the last thirty-five years, over professional signatures? It expurgates from the blood those acrid principles which beget the pain and imflammation charactertatic of this complaint, which, it should be recollected, is always liable to terminate life suddenly when it attacks a vital part. The Bitters also expels the virus of malaria from the system, remedies dyspessis, kidney complaint, constipation and biliousness, quiets the nerves, and invisco